FUNCTION OF THE PRESS.

Public Welfare.

THE PENDRAGONSL

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY FREDERICK R. BURTON-

CHAPTER L.



HAT DO YOU SUPpose has happened now? Ev thunder! What do you suppose can have happened? Eh? By the mischief! Humph! What do you think?" It was thus that old John Pendragon snorted and raved when once we were within the security of my private office. I had kept

him waiting several minutes, and during the delay the accumulated passions and other emotions of a day had been struggling for utterance. I shall never forget the picture he presented-a tall, broadshouldered man, heavy and sturdy as an oak, florid complexion and half-gray hair; his shaven face set in hard, determined lines, that had been partly traced there by character and partly by close application to work for many years; he sat with his hands gripping the arms of the chair into which he had thrown himself

and glared at me from under shaggy eyebrows Well, Penn, I said quietly, for I knew that my old friend's explosiveness never boded any thing that other people would consider as serious, "what is it? Has your cook struck?"
"Humph!" he snorted. "I should say not. Hang the cook! Won't you take me seriously

Listen: Jim wants to get married! With this the lawyer banged himself against the back of his chair and looked at me as if he expected me to throw up my hands or faint or exclaim against fate, or something of the sort, and when I simply looked as sympathetic as I could and cautiously remarked he worked himself into a paroxysm of excite-

"Well?" he exclaimed. "It is not at all well, sir! Confound it, do you understand me! Jim, Jim, I tell you! my boy Jim has set his thundering mind on getting married. Now what do you think of that, eh?" Good old Pendragon! How hard be made it

for his friends at times! What could I say? Here was an episode in his career that appealed to him with infinite force, and to me it could only seem as a very natural, probably com-mendable, episode in the career of his son. What had I to do with it? The question was irritating, and the impulse was strong to dismiss the affair as one that concerned me not a all; but the long intimacy with Pendragon, the memory of his never-failing, never-faltering loyalty to his friends, happily restrained the loyalty to his friends, happily restrained the impatient utterance that sprung to the edges of my lips. From his point of view he was in trouble; it was my part as a friend to counse! with him patiently, and to the best of my ability I did so. If I had not I should not now take the pleasure I do in relating the romance that came to pass: for, yielding to his imperious temper. I heard the facts of an interesting situation and so came in the way of learning of subsequent events, although one or two links in the chain of circumstances were supplied at a time long after the chief end of the story had become known to everybody.
"So, my friend," I said, smothering my in

patience, 'it has come to that, has it? you were married once, you know."
"Aye, so I was, God biess the day!" he exclaimed; 'but, as you well know, it was not until I had fought my way unaided to a position in the world where my ability to support a family decently was unquestioned. I knew where I stood. I had money in the bank. I had good clients, you among them, confound your unsympathetic topknot! When I was Jim's age I was grubbing away like sin in a country law office. I was glad to be able to meet my board bill and wear store clothes, and if it hadn't been that you fellows in business are bound to get into litigation I'd have been grubbing still, I into litigation I'd have been grubbing still, I guess. No matter, that's past and well done, too, if I can figure my bank balance correctly. And by Sam Hill, ain't I still grubbing for you? I used to be glad to get a \$5 retaining fee—many's the time I've undertaken a case with no fee at all—and now, if you want John Pendragon you're sure to come up with a check for \$5,000. Haven't I earned my right to command that kind of a fee? Lord

my right to command that kind of a fee? Lord Harry! I remember when a poor, unfortunate Harry! I remember when a poor, unfortunate flickered across his face every few minutes. He left the office a little earlier than usual and the case; then she hastily read a certain section wanted to sue his employer for \$8, his week's wages. He'd been helping dig a cellar went to one of the several "schools" of type-so that the leaves rattled. Could it be that put in. I just went to work and laid an attachment on the underpinning, by thunder, and got a settlement quicker n scat! That's lawing for you, hub, huh!" and old Pendragon went off into a tempest of laughter at the remi-niscence. It had done him good thus to recall his struggles and he was in a much better frame of mind to listen to reason than when he came in. After a moment he continued with a "Now, Jim, you see, is only twenty-four. I've wen him a college education and done every-sing else I could to fit him properly for making the battle in better shape than I did. You may say that I've got enough to provide for him, but I tell you ald may him, but I tell you, old man, it wouldn't be fair to Jim, ignorant little chap, to set him up in the world without any idea of the value of a dollar, and that's saying nothing of Jim's chil-dren. Thunder and Mars, man, I haven't got

enough to provide all posterity with a comfort-able living, much as I'd like to. No. sir! my boy got to learn to fight his own way, and that's why I put him at the bottom of the ladder in my own office. When I was his age I barred sentiment. I went to my attic room content to know that I could pay a dollar a week for the rent of it. I shut that thing we call heart against all snares, and kept it shut until I was ready to consider something else besides struggle and money. I hoped Jim would do the same, and he won't. What am I to do with him?"

know the circumstances. Your son has always impressed me as a sterling fellow, level headed impressed me as a sterling lenow, lever headed and not prone to foolishness. To be plain, iom does he want to marry?"
"That's just it," said Pendragon; "I don't

know her. I believe her name is Ingalls. From what Jim says I judge her to be one of these porcelain girls, you know, nice and orna-mental, but bound to break if you happen to look at em accedentally. Her folks have got just enough money to enable them to poke their heads above the crowd, and not enough to do any more. They've given the girl all the frills of high life; she's accomplished, she can play the piano, sing from the opera, paint roses and make lace filigrees for the back of your chair. I presume she reads Browning, and she could probably parley yous with a Frenchman; but put up a loaf of bread, wash the dishes, trundle babies round the block or do anything else useful? I guess not! I wouldn't seriously mind, you know, if she was either immensely rich or desperately poor. In either case one generation would be provided for, and better, in my estimation, under the latter cir-

but no quiet suggestions, no plea in behalf of his son's young life and its promise of happi-ness and success, would avail to shake the de-termination which he had sought my office to

for himself. If he'll wait patiently for a time for himself, and may mature judg-satisfactory. We'll hit it very soon, I think. I ment be the counsellor to his affections!"

There was really nothing to oppose to this. t was sensible, even kindly, and Jim would better take advantage of his father's genuinely affectionate interest in his welfare. I was old enough to see that the fancy of twenty-four

might be but a passing shadow, better to pass away now than remain a life-long blight upon a career. That was the frame of mind in which old Pendragon left me, and yet, as I thought of Jim, a chip of the old block if ever these was "Miss, I s'pose? All right. I'll go and g one, I dreaded to learn of the outcome of the difference between father and son. That outcome I did learn and I will narrate it in the order of its occurrence rather than in the order in which the facts were brought to my knowledge.

CHAPPER.

For a full week after the conversation noted above John Pendragon and his son James contiqued to meet daily in the lawyer's Wall street office and to perform their respective shares of the work arising from the old man's lucrative practice. James was not a partner in the business. He held there actually the situation of a clerk, and according to his father's theory and have to take his chance for advance-under the same conditions that would be sed upon the dozen or so other clerks in fice. But, as his friends well knew, John iragon was by no means the stern Spartan youngster up those errors should be laid to man frailty and not at all to parental ranny. Whatever John Pendragon throught ative to Jim Pendragon you might rest as-red that the incentive was noble and affec-

It pleased the old man immensely that for a week after Jim had expressed a desire to be married the young man stuck diligently to his cooks, made out the routine papers and disindustry as if romance were not possible to his nature. Not a word had been said about matrimony, and things went on, therefore, as usual until one day, toward the close of business hours, old John called young Jim into the

"James"-it was always James when formal ousiness was at hand and always Jim when the father was either affectionate or irritated-"James, you have been now more than two years out of college and during that time you have done pretty well in this business. You might have done a heap sight better in college if your idiotic father hadn't given you so much money to spend. However, you got your sheepskin and you know my sentiments on that ma ter. You haven't done half badly here and I've made up my mind to promote you. Understand, James, you are at liberty to withdraw now and become anything you choose. you want to be an actor?"

"No. governor," replied Jim, "I can't act."
"I thought so when I saw your tomfoolery in
the amateur performance last winter. Want to be a literary man, or an artist, or an amateu

"No, governor, I want to be a lawyer." "Good on your head! I always believed somehow or other in your horse sense. Now, listen, James—this is the last place where the roads divide; there ain't any more turns. You're like a nun who has served her novitiate From this day you either remain in the world a clerk in my office, if you like, or you become a lawer. You choose to take the veil, eh? All right. You are a lawyer. You've been admitted to the bar. Now, I make you my part-ner, the first, and, God grant, the only one l shall ever associate with. Sit still, you young scamp! No thanks! You've earned your rights, but you don't suppose, do you, that you're going to become an equal partner all at once? Not much. When your talent and ex-perience bring as much to the business as mine do you share even, and not till then. Meantime, Ill show you how you can get on. Thereupon old Pendragon went into an explanation of an elaborate plan whereby Jim, if he should prove able and faithful, would increase his annual income from a very modest beginning to an amount that would serve handsomely for any reasonable man. Old John took pains, while saying nothing of matrimony, to impress it upon Jim's mind that it would be many years at the best before he could reason ably think of taking a wife. And James Pendragon, son of his father, held his peace and bided his time, all the while determined to outwit the old gentleman at the earliest opportu

"And, by the way, Jim," said old John when all the arrangements had been concluded, "in your partial capacity of office manager I suggest that you improve the clerical force. I he employed you and he's got to be satisfied. I've no fault to find, not a bit, and I don't want to alarm you, Miss Jones, but my son James is—ah—exceedingly particular. When you suit him you can say you're doing well." can't look after them in detail, but there are certainly some careless people in our employ. That typewriter, for instance, made me spend and looking down at her hands.

"Glad of it," commented John, and fortha solid hour correcting her errors in the transcription of a complaint the other day. That's only an instance, mind, and if you can improve the service of the office go ahead and do it."

Only of it, commented John, and forthwise John and the production of the office go ahead and do it."

and schemes that might accelerate his own to the ambitious under clerk, old John stormed progress and conduce to the desired develop- in and cut of his room, thundering at everyment of the romance that glowed in his heart.
All this made him unusually grave the next
day. The energy with which he went about his
work was not infrequently nullified by a blank pause in which he found himself reflecting olely upon his individual affairs. After severa recurrences of these pauses he decided that this would never do and he set himself resolutely to the affairs of the office. He would settle the matter of the careless typewriter at once and accordingly he summoned the young lady to him. He fully intended to give her a week' notice, but before she had reached his private room it occurred to him that he ought first to provide a competent successor and then dismiss the present incumbent with a week's extra pay, thus instantly improving the service; and this thought was followed by another of such momentous importance that when the young lady opened the door he said with a face that

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hastings; I find I do not need you just now," and Miss Hastings retired to resume her novel, much pleased a the circumstance.
All the rest of the day Jim worked furiously. but that he was half conscious of his new thought was shown by the amused smile that where young women learn to be operators and That a word had been inserted that absolutely pay for their tuition out of the wages they nullfried the infent and effect of the agreereceive for an unknown time after they hav secured employment. Young Pendragon asked many questions about the cost of learning to use the machine, the time required to acquire proficiency and the like, and before he left he and made a provisional arrangement for a special pupil, who was to be favored with all manner of careful attention, to the end that her progress might be as rapid as possible.

Then he went home with a bounding heart, and that amused smile never left his face.

In the evening he went directly to a pretentious-looking house up town. The elaborate engraving upon the doorplate reduced to plain

Miss Ingalls was at home-Jim knew she would be-and between them there ensued an interview which proved to be of the utmost importance to the young man and without which this story might have been impossible. Just what the conversation was need not be stated; in fact I could not repeat the phrases if I would; but it doesn't matter, as the results are the only things that concern us. Jim came

upon his face, a little more set and determined, perhaps, than before, but yet a smile, and his During the next several weeks there were as

many different typewriters employed in the Fendragons' office. None of them succeeded in suiting the captions fancy of the younger partner, but not one left his employment be-fore he had secured an opportunity for her elsewhere. With each change there ensued brief communications between the mistress of the "school" and young Pendragon, a wonder-ful boy in the latter's office acting as the bearer of dispatches. The frequency of these errands disturbed the serenity of this boy's reflections, but he could make nothing out of them.
"I don't see wot's got into Jim," he confide

to his next superior, a minor clerk who dreamed that some day he would read law; "all de girls up to de school an' de woman wot runs it is gittin' onter me. W'en dey sees me come in with a note from Jim dev grin an' seems to be askin' 'who next?' It makes me blush, it does, an' I don't like it." The office boy was not the only one who ob-

served and commented upon the frequent changes at the writing machine. "Say, Jim," exclaimed old John Pendragor bursting into his son's room one morning. "if this procession is going to keep up much longer l So my dear old friend rattled on, getting calmer every moment, seeming to find a grate-ful relief in unburdening himself to a listener; but no quiet suggestions, no plea in behalf of your latest for a client!"
Young Pendragon leaned back in his chair just after the manner of his father when serious matters were under discussion and re-

termination which he had sought my onnce to clinch, to oppose by every material means at his command this marriage of his son.

"I don't want to meet the girl," he said. "I am anxious to get a typewriter who can be demanded on to stay, one who will be perfectly a child on to stay, one who will be perfectly a child on to stay, one who will be perfectly a child on to stay.

acquainted with Miss Jones, and as soon as we begin to understand each other and know each other by sight, we will make our bow to Miss Smith and say good-bye to Miss Jones, eh?"

Jim smiled, but made no reply, and his father returned to his own room. The young lady in question was sitting patiently by his desk where he had left her, her fingers resting lightly on the keyboard of her machine. It was as if she were afraid of losing valuable time by any delay in the movement of her hands.

"Are you familiar with the terminology of law, Miss Jones?" inquired old Pendragon with this stern, big-voiced man, and she was frightened.

"I—I do not know, sir." she responded timidly. "I am afraid not, though in the school we had to copy legal papers so that we might learn to write for lawyers."

"Is this your first regular employment?"

"Yes, sir." Miss Jones voice was almost inaudible. She was all of a quiver and she clasped her hands nervously. Old John remarked her trepidation under his beetling brows and mentally he called himself a fool for bothering the girl. He had never before asked such questions and they would not have been suggested on this occasion but for his bantering conversation with Jim.

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"Well, Miss Jones," he exclaimed, cheerily,

and bending her head low over the keyboard proceeded to rattle off several letters with commendable rapidity, not infrequently pausing while Mr. Pendragon collected his ideas for a new sentence. When the task was done the old lawyer looked over the work, found it free from serious error, and was impelled to encourage Miss Jones by expressing his satisfaction; but he did not act on the impulse. Miss Jones had retired to the main office, and old John thought how unwise it would be for him to encourage her when the permanency of her em-ployment really depended upon his son. "She'll probably go, like the rest of 'em, at the end of a week," said old John to himself, and after that he thought no more about the matter.

CHAPTER III.

Another week began, however, and Miss Jones had not been dismissed. The sagacious office boy eyed her sharply during the morning until she was summoned to "take" letters for young Pendragon. Then he remarked to his confidant: "I was waitin' all t'rough Sat'day fer Jim to and me up to de school to get a new girl. But

he forgot it."
"Why, what's the matter with Jonesy!" inquired the ambitious clerk.
"Nothing that I know of," replied the boy, "but wot ailed all de others, I'd like to know?
Oh, Jonesy'll have to go, you hear me talk!"
Another week slipped by, and, to the boy's unutterable astonishment, Miss Jones did not receive her dismissal. It worried him a good deal to see his reputation as a prophet endan-gered, but he admitted that it would give him great relief if he could but feel certain that he would not again have to face the young women at the school. It occurred to the senior partner, too, that an unusual period had elapsed since he had had to familiarize himself with the appearance and methods of a new type-

"Getting on well, Miss Jones?" he asked suddenly one day during the third week of her employment. "I hope so, sir," she replied, looking up in

surprise. ... Well, don't you know whether you are or not?" thundered old John.

Miss Jones smiled roguishly. She had learned something about the harmlessness of Pendragon senior's bark. "I think you should know more about that than I, sir," she said.

"Don't know the first thing about it," re-torted John sharply. "Can't you see that my son runs this office so far as routine details go? He employed you and he's got to be satisfied. I've no fault to find, not a bit, and I don't want him you can say you're doing well."
"Mr. James has not found any fault with me yet, sir," said Miss Jones, blushing like a rose

Jim left the office that afternoon deeply impressed with the change in his relation to business and life in general. Far into the night he lay awake thinking, giving a considerable share lay awake thinking, giving a considerable share there was a vast amount of important work on hand. The head clerk directed his wrath at the office how young Pendragon spoke sharply the office boy, young Pendragon spoke sharply to the ambitious under clerk, old John stormed body, and in the absence of the partners cierks and students complained to each other and growling was general. Miss Jones was silent through the storm, copying away for dear line upon a long series of verbose documents that were wanted in a hurry. Her lips were tightly set together, her pretty brown were contracted in the intensity of her exer-tion and the keys rattled like a miniature spinning mill. Presently old John stamped out of his room.

"Got that answer ready?" he demanded roughly.

Miss Jones' cheek paled. The best operator in the world could not have finished the task within an hour later.

"No. sir." she responded in a low voice. eeping hard at her work. "Humph!" growled the lawyer discontentedly as he stamped back and slammed his

A half hour passed with various demonstrations of the mental storm in the general office.

Miss Jones suddenly stopped and looked blankly at the document that she was copying. She read the long, involved sentence before her three or four times over; what could be the matter with it? She looked back at the title of ment? What should she do? Was it her ness to question the correctness of her em-ployer's language? And on such a day? Once more she scanned the critical sentence, took her resolution quickly and carried the document into John Pendragon's room. The

Miss Jones, "that there is a mistake here "Mistake!" Old John's voice was a terrifying roar. "Mistake!! good gracious, young woman, what do you mean? what do you know

woman, what do you mean? what do you know about law? what—what—here, let me see the Trembling from head to foot and utterly unable to speak Miss Jones laid down the docu-ment and pointed to the suspicious word. The lawyer growled inarticulately as he studied the

are the only things that concern us. Jim came down the steps late in the evening, a smile still page.

"Thunder and guns!" he exclaimed suddenly; "who the—what—how—ugh!" and he seized a pencil and drew a heavy line through the fatal word. "Hurry up, now," he added as harshly as before, and Miss Jones withdrew, leaving him in a state of continual explosion, from which came strange remarks about Sam from which came strange remarks about Sam Hill, Lord Harry, thunder and other terrible things. When she resumed her work her agitation was so great that she could hardly strike the keys, and though that wore away after a few moments she could not make up her mind men who follow the sea must at times pass in whether she had done right or not in calling Mr. Pendragon's attention to the error. The copying completed she took the documents to the old lawyer, who received them without a word, and at the close of that trying day Miss Jones was still in doubt concerning the wisdom

of her course. Next day John summoned Jim into his pres ence.
"James," said he with a hesitancy unusual with him. "how do you like Miss Jones? I mean how does she get on?"

James had with difficulty suppressed a start of surprise, but he answered gravely, "I find

her a very satisfactory operator."

"Ah!" continued John, much relieved, "I'm glad to hear it. She's certainly a very extraordinary young woman, and I hope we shall be able to keep her. She really performed a very merciless waves until she sank.

They tell how they, poor, puny human beings, clung to helm and pumps till the great ship's struggles were over and it became evident that she could carry them no longer; then ordinary operator. Most of 'em work right on, putting down letters with no more idea of the meaning than as if 'twas Greek. And, I say, Jamee, I wouldn't have spoken of it so earnestly, but I was in a tantrum ail day vesterday, and I'm afraid I hurt her feelings. Of course I shall tell her that I appreciate her cleverness, but I thought you might tell her that I'm not such a confounded curmindgeon as I sm."

merciless waves until she sank.

They tell how they, poor, puny human beings, clung to helm and pumps till the great ship's struggles were over and it became evident that she could carry them no longer; then how they bastily threw a cask of water and a few provisions into some remaining boat and at a favorable moment launched upon the angry waters in a craft so frail that it seemed as if all on board were doomed to instant destruction.

Here comes the strangest part of their narrative. Read all such accounts carefully and you will find that in nearly every case where such a little boat is safely launched from an abandoned ship it fleets and drifts for days and abandoned ship it fleets and drifts for days and ernor. I feel it myself and for that very reason I am anxious to get a typewriter who can be depended on to stay, one who will be perfectly satisfactory. We'll hit it very soon, I think. I have a young lady in view whose services can be obtained before long, and I am pretty sure she will suit."

"Oh, it's all right, Jim, of course it's all right," said old John good-humoredly. "I don't know what's been the matter with all the others, but you have to see their work more than I do, so I s'pose you know. Meantime, what's this one's name."

but I thought you might tell her that I'm not such as Confounded curmudgeon as I am."

Young Pendragon smiled, and replied that he would try to see that the young lady should not be unduly disturbed, and as he left the room he nearly burst out laughing. He preserved his gravity, however, and when he had reached his desk he pressed a button that brought the sapient office boy before him.

"Ask Miss Jones to step in, please," said Jim.

A moment later Miss Jones entered, and after she had closed the door, this extraordinary dialogue ensued:

That Hat Again.

From Life.

logue ensued: Jones, (startled)-"Oh! oh! you mustn't!" Young Pendragon-"I know, but I couldn't

"don't be uneasy on that account. I'm not wholly a bear and I hope to see you get on splendidly."

Miss Jones winked back her threatened tears, had an ill-disgnised respect for the wisdom and bearing the hard an article of his langer except to

"How do you know?" inquired the clerk, who had an ill-disguised respect for the wisdom and perception of his junior associate.

"Cause he's engaged to agirl named Ingalls. I used to take bokays of flowers to her from him every day he got paid off. Ain't had that job for more'n a month and I'm glad of it. Pr'aps they're married now Jim's a partner." Now it so happened that the cider Pendragon overheard the office boy's last remarks and the result was a summons for Jim.
"James," he said, with awful gravity, "you

remember my views regarding your getting "I do. sir," replied Jim, with corresponding olemnity.
"Well?" cried the old man after a pause.

"I've nothing more to say on that subject ust at present, governor," said Jim, smiling, just at present, governor," said Jim, smiling, and that ended the conversation for the mo-Old John was puzzled, irritated at his son's "Is the young scamp trying to outwit me comeway?" he thought. Then he called the

ung man in again. "James," he said, "are you married?"
At this Jim laughed heartily.
"On my word, governor," he replied sobering, "I am not married."
"All right, all right," returned John trying o conceal his relief under a show of temper 'see that you don't make a fool of yourself."

CHAPTER IV.

Young men should be exceedingly discreet in here is a stern parent in the way and the nehe same office. Matters had drifted along as bicycle. the same office. Matters had drifted along as usual for perhaps a week, when young Pendragon so far forgot discretion as to caress Miss Jones' curly head gently as she sat at his side "taking" dictation, and as luck would have it, old Pendragon entered the room just at that old Pendragon entered the room just at that that Michaux's and, excepting the large property of the same property. old Pendragon entered the room just at that moment. Whatever the senior partner came to

"James, I want to see you a moment." He shut the door softly and walked slowly to its own room. Jim and the typewriter looked plankly at each other a moment. Then Jim ose and said: "Come, Lacy; we must face the music, and it's just as well now as later."

So they went together to old Pendragon's private office. The senior partner scowled The senior partner scowled ingrily at Miss Jones.
"James," he said, "I asked to see you, not Miss Jones. I was going to tell you to find a new typewriter at once."

"I expected that that would be your command, sir, and if you insist, I will discharge Miss Jones now. That, however, will make no difference in my relations to her. We are encounted by married in the control of the c gaged to be married." "Wha-wha- Nonsense!" roared old John. Theu, in a tone of exceeding bitterness: "So you've thought to trick your father, have you. Tried to get me interested in your sweetheart, have you, by introducing her into my office, so that she might make a fool of me! Oh, Jim! I didn't think you'd do that!"

"And I haven't done that," said Jim. "I never had seen Miss Jones before she came to this office as an employe."

The old lawyer's eyes bulged in astonished "Isn't your name Ingalls?" he gasped, ad-

dressing the typewriter.

"No, sir," she replied, scared half to death.

"What is it, then?"

"Lucy Jones, sir."

"The fact is, governor," said Jim, "I did have an idea of getting Miss Ingalls to learh the machine and come in here under an assumed name, but when I suggested it to her she scorned the idea of taking up such menial occupation for any purpose. In short she occupation for any purpose. In short, she aerself brought about my disillusion in that direction, and we have not met since. You were right in saying that my fancy there was folly. In this instance I know better, but I have not intended to be rash. Lucy and I are not disposed to get married after an acquaintance of two months but we do low each there are of two months, but we do love each other, and we continue to we shall get married some

"Please, Mr. Pendragon," added Lucy, when that gentleman could find no words to express himself, "I am very sorry if I have offended you. I didn't mean to; I—Jim—I just couldn't

Old John grunted. "Can you make bread?" he demanded.

gruffly. "Oh, yes, indeed," answered Lucy, brightening; "I can do everything needful about a house. I was brought up to at home, where I just because because I hadn't any home left to do the work in."

John grunted again, this time rather gently. Lucy had hidden her face against Jim's shoulder to conceal her tears, and Jim looked first tenderly at her and then with a quiet steadfastness at his father.

"Thunderation!" roared the latter, after a moment; "what am I to do for an expert type-

document into John Pendragon's room. The old lawyer looked up from his desk, where he was in a deep discussion with a client.

"Got that ready? he asked sharply.

"No, sir," replied Miss Jones; and it seemed to her as if her voice came from somewhere on the other side of the world.

"Well, what is it?" exclaimed the lawyer before she could go on.

"I am so atraid, Mr. Pendragon," fluttered the lawyer before she could go on.

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"I am so atraid, Mr. Pendragon," fluttered the lawyer before she could go on. haved properly, and when the marriage took place there was not lacking a certain piece of paper with his name at the bottom that testified better than anything else could how harmless was the old man's bark and how true his heart. "I would never have supposed the governor would be so liberal," said Jim Pendragon to me when he was relating his share in the incident that made up his romance.

A MARINE PARADOX.

Great Ships Foundered by Gales Through Which Small Boats Live. n the St. Nicholas.

Many of you have stood on the beach at the seaside and watched the seas rolling in heavy breakers after a storm, curling and crashing into volumes of foam and broken water, with such force as to send them sweeping up almost to your feet. It is through such waves that through thirty or forty, perhaps, covering a mile of treacherous shoals, and at places surging between jagged reefs and huge boulders.
With intense interest we read of dreadful shipwrecks almost every week. The survivors tell how the big ship labored and struggled through monster billows and shrieking wind, under black flying clouds and amid jagged streaks of lightning, until, mastless and helpless, she lay exhausted in the trough of the sea, and passively received the crashing deluge of nerciless waves until she sank.

rative. Read all such accounts carefully and you will find that in nearly every case where such a little boat is safely launched from an



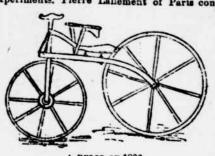
He-"How happy I shall be sitting beside

How They Have Improved Since The Days

of the Velocipede. WHEEL MADE IN 1806 THAT COULD ONLY BE USED IN RIDING DOWN HILL-IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1855 THAT MICHAUX CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF CRANES AND PEDALS. From the New York Sun.

THE BICYCLE HAD ITS ORIGIN IN Europe. In 1855 a carriage repairer of Paris, named Michaux, conceived the idea, and after sundry experiments he fitted rude cranks and pedals to the front wheel of a nobby horse, improvised the velocipede, and put his inven tion before the public. Shortly after Michaux's experiments. Pierre Lallement of Paris con

BICYCLES, OLD AND NEW.



A RELIC OF 1806. ceived the idea of a better equipment of pedal and cranks. This inventor, after numerous nducting their love affairs, especially when trials, was successful in attaching more practical cranks and pedals to the velocipede, and to essities of business keep all three parties in him is given the credit of the invention of the

old Pendragon entered the room just at that moment. Whatever the senior partner came to say is unknown to the narrator; what he did say, in a tone as cold and level as a sheet of ice, was: some eight years after Michaux's attempt to introduce his idea. Both men worked independently upon their ideas and, although folscious of one another's work.

Lallement came to America in 1864, but a

that time did not succeed in inducing capital ists to push his invention. When he returned to England in 1866 Michaux had added brake and several minor improvements to his wheel and in 1867 showed the same at the exposition. From that year on the velociped became very pepular in England. During the time that both Michaux and Lal lement were improving their models in England their chief aim seemed to be the addition o small improvements, with an utter disregard of lessoning the weight, &c. The machin



which is credited with being the first one eve constructed, is a very crude affair, and no ranks as a curiosity. Comparisons with it and the wheel of today show the most marked im provement. Calvin Witty of 215 Willoughby avenue Brooklyn, was in 1869 the largest manufactures of bicycles in this country. Witty virtually in

troduced the wheel in this country. His at tention was drawn to the bicycle through machine brought over in 1869 by the well known acrobats, the Hanlon brothers—William George and Thomas. Through their persua sions to interest himself in their wheel he con cluded to take hold of it. He secured patent on the Hanlon model and began the manufac-ture of the bicycle. He soon learned that James Carroll of New Haven had previously taken out patents on the bicycle. Mr. Witty communicated with the latter, and learned tha Pierre Lallement of Paris had had a model of machine which was very practical; but, lacking funds during his sojourn in this country. had been anable to push his model. Mr. Carwheel patented on November 20, 1866. This was some three years previous to the issuance of Mr. Witty's patent, and consequently in the manufacturing of his wheels he was infringing



A RACING WHEEL IN 1869.

upon Mr. Carroll's rights. This fact was learned in 1869. Desiring the exclusive right to manufacture bicycles in this country. Mr. Witty purchased the rights of Mr. Carroll for \$5,000 and Mr. Lallement's for \$13,000, making

the total purchase price \$18,000.

Numerous but futile attempts had been made to introduce the bicycle in this country early in the sixties, but it remained for Mr. Witty to introduce the wheel successfully. His purchase from Messrs, Carroll and Lallement of their rights included a two-wheeled velocipede, embodying guarding arms and treadler. Immediately upon making his purchase he started to manufacture the wheels. Upon putreaching the shore; but not through one or ting the first consignment upon the market two on a smooth, quick-shelving beach, but ily found purchasers. At the outset of his venture he was unable to supply the de-mand for wheels and cleared in profits \$1,000 a day. While at the height of his success he was confronted with an additional obstacle. He was informed that there existed in Newark, N. J., a velocipede of the same machine he also purchased, paying \$1,000 Altogether, his efforts to obtain the exclusive



THE FIRST RATCHET MACHINE.

privilege to manufacture the wheel cost him pretty sum, but his earnings were enormous, and he considered that he could easily expend considerable money to secure the entire right fact was developed that the machine was minus treadles, as will be noticed from the illustra-tion. This fact was unknown to Mr. Witty at

tion. This fact was unknown to Mr. Witty at the time of his purchase. This wheel was made in 1806. The only way to manage the affair was to use the feet as a means of locomotion. Upon an incline a person who could maintain his equilibrium was all right, but maintain his equilibrium was all right, but upon a level stretch there was no possible means of keeping the machine in motion, excepting as previously described.

Mr. Witty was the first American citizen to ride a wheel in this country. He is now sixty-five years of age, and, although long since retired from the bicycle business, maintains an active interest in all the recent improvements on the bicycle. To a Sun reporter he said that the first appearance of the bicycle upon the streets occasioned quite a furor. The shating craze was nothing in comparison to the interest this novelty created. The wheels were manufactured in all parts of the country, and Mr. Witty received a royalty. According to Mr. Witty, P. T. Barnum opened a large hall in Jersey City in 1869 and stocked it with twenty-one mashines at a coxt of \$2,100. In an address advocating the machines in preference to a horse Mr. Barnum said: "Velocipedes are superfor to horses; they require no oats, little grooming, and when the rider desires to put

away his machine all he has to do is to Barr— am." This joke was related in Mr. Witty's These carly machines retailed for \$100 and \$125. They were very cumbersome



THE 1802 SAFETY. reighing 100 pounds and over. Only a few of them are now in existence. Col. Pope of Boston has in his possession the original Lallement wheel; in size, weight and general construction it is similar to the relics here described.

The 1869 wheel of Mr. Witty's is the first

one revolution of the treadle makes three revolutions of the wheel. This wheel is well constructed of strong wood, with steel tires. The front wheel is slightly larger than the rear one. The machine weighs about 125 pounds.

The Manhattan Bicycle Club have one of the early racing machines in their possession. This wheel is constructed on much the same lines as he regular road wheels. The attempts lighten the weight of the machine were successul by about ten pounds. The racing wheel veighs over ninety pounds.

L. M. Bullard of Yonkers has in his posses

sion a wheel made in 1869. It is constructe



THE LATEST THING IN BICYCLES. pon the same lines as the Manhattan Bicycle lub's racer. The first bicycle race ever run America was won on the machine in his pos sion on March 20, 1869.

Racing was very popular in the days when hese wheels were in use, but the weight of the machines soon discouraged the sport. Comparison of the 1892 safety with the original icycles shows great improvement. From the nto use, then the tricycle, after which the safety and tandem safety came out. These two later wheels have been gradually supplanting both the ordinary and the tricycle, so that today they are used but very little. The latest addition to the line of bicycles now in general ise is the Rudge triplet. There is only one of hese wheels now in existence: it is owned by William F. Murphy of the New York Athletic Club. Mr. Murphy calculates on having three of the fastest riders in this country try for ecords on the machine this year. Messrs, L. W. Beasly, jr., D. Moorehouse and W. F. Murphy have tried the wheel in Prospect Park and have been able to cover the mile easily Col. C. L. Burdett, the president of the League of American Wheelmen, was an advocate of th teycle when it was constructed upon the

wooden model. He raced on one of these old wheels in Boston in 1868. Aleck Schwalbach, the well-known Brooklyn rheelman, rode on one of these so called "bone nakers' in 1869. The first bicycle constructed on the steel model in this country was in 1869. From that date on the machines have gradually mproved until today they are perfect in every etail. These old wheels which are now in exstence are valued as relies of the early days o veling.

LITERARY MEN AS HUSBANDS. dany of Them Enjoyed Very Little Don

the sunken vessel and climbed into the rat-The great Dante was married to a notoriou ines. I hadn't gone up more than three steps before I felt better. Then I went back again. cold, and when he was in exile he had no desire to see her, although she was the mother of You can continue this right straight along and go deeper each time. When I felt numb again I went upon deck and climbed onto the rail. I was all right in a minute and then went into his six children. Shakespeare lost the sympathics of the world

years his senior, who was coarse and ignorant. "Now, it's queer, but there's something about bodies under water. Did you know that if you went into the cabin of a vessel where one was It is told of Lord Bacon that he enjoyed but little domestic bliss and "loved not to be with his partner." Milton was not great in the character of hus

that it would start toward you, almost as if it were alive? It is that that makes the shock so terrible. You can't avoid them. They come as if they wanted to be taken away. Well, the captain's wife and daughter were in the stateband and father. We read of him that his first wife was disgusted with his gloomy house, and soon ran away from him, and his daughters were left to grow up utterly neglected. room at the foot of the stairs, and I had to open the door. I took some blocks and braced my whole weight against the door. I weighed Of the great artist, Domenichino, it is told hat he married a lady of high birth and great beauty, who was such a virago that it is be-200 pounds, and the suit weighed 265 more. I knew there'd be a terrible shock, so I got all he ved she poisoned him.

Montaigne, when a widower, said he would

not marry again, "though it were to wisdom Meliere was married to a wife who made him miserable and Rousseau lived a most wretched ife with his wife, who was low and illiterate. Dryden "married discord in a noble wife, and Addison sold himself to a cross-graine old countess, who made him pay dearly for all she gave him.

Steele, Sterne, Churchill, Coleridge, Byron and Shelley were all married unhappily, and Bulwer and Dickens have been known by all the world as indifferent husbands. The younger Puny thus speaks of his wife, alphurnia: "Her affection for me has given ner a turn for books; her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person that she loves, but my reputation and my glory of which she is enamored."

Sir Walter Raleigh married a beautiful girl Sir Walter Raleigh married a beautiful girl eighteen years his junior, and she adored him with increasing arder to the very last.

Dr. Jehnson's wife was old enough to be his mother, but "he continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day until she died at the age of sixty-four," he being only forty-

three.

Buffon told his friend that his wife had a great influence over his composition. "I am always refreshed and aided by her advice." Sir Walter Scott was a genius of the very first order. He succeeded in every department of letters, but his greatest happiness was in his He married her after a short acquaintance and it was a genuine love match, lasting until the day of her death.

until the day of her death.

Mocre's wife was one of the noblest creatures and he never tired of singing her raises. Shelley's first marriage was unfortunate, but his second was a model of happiness.

Wordsworth made a love match and was a over through life.
The wife of Christopher North had more induence over him than any other person in the world, and her death was his greatest of mis-

Lamartine, the great French poet, was hap-pily married and received great aid from his wife in all his undertakings.

It would be impossible anywhere to find more domestic felicity than among the great circle of our modern men and women of letters. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the two Brownters. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the two Brownings, the two Howitts. Tennyson and his wife, Charles Kingsley, Baron Bunson and his wife and many others less noted might be mentioned, while the Englishmen of prominence in other fields have the same good fortune. Beaconsfield married a lively young widow, who made him perfectly happy, and he never lost an occasion of singing her praises. Dr. Arnold of Rugby is cited as having an almost ideal home-life, and also the late Dean Stanley. All the world knows how happy the Gladstones are in their family circle, and so it is with many others.

and glorious list we can proudly point to genius sanctified by domestic love, and none the less happy because they were literary people.

UNDER WATER.

ar three feet long.
"After I got through them I felt something

whirl me round. I could tell it wasn't the cur-rent, so I looked around to see what it was.

here was a big shark off to my lett looking at

me. I'd have given a city to be out of his way,

but, says I, if I go up he'll bite me in two, and so I decided to stay there. I felt just as if my

helmet was rising up. I suppose it was my hair. Well, Mr. Shark looked at me awhile.

Then he goes round me twice and a half, and then I got my knife out again. He turns on one side and I could have put a barrel in his mouth easy. I knew what was coming, so I waited. He dashed for me, and as he came I

stepped one side, shut my eyes and slashed with the knife. I caught him in his life, for I

cut his heart right in two. I opened my eyes and found him lying on the bottom fifty or sixty feet off, the blood rising from him in bubbles. I went up to him and then something happened to me, I don't know what. I suppose

happened to me, I don't know what. I suppose
I fainted, for I came to with my body leaning
against the shark's, down there on the bottom.
Well, I hadn't given any signal to my tender,
so he had kept up the air supply, but pretty
quick I felt them pull three times to ask me if
I was all right. They said the blood all came
up to the top in bubbles before it mixed with
the water. Why, that shark's liver—I cut half
of it out—couldn't have been get into a barra!"

of it out-couldn't have been got into a barrel."

"But, after all, I had my greatest experiences

n the two years before the war. The time I

went down 168 feet, the deepest I ever got, was in 1860. A vessel went down east north-

east of Point Judith, and the captain's wife and daughter were drowned. I went down after

them. They talk to me now of going down 500 or 600 feet, but I don't believe it. After

the first 100 feet 'the pumps won't supply a man with air except inside his helmet. Before that it will circulate around his body. When

it only reaches his helmet his clothes begin to cling to him, and his pores flow out all the water in his body. It is a terrible sensation. Now, I got down to this vessel and started to

descend into the companionway. At the first step I began to feel numb all over. It was the

pressure of the water above me, and as I'd been told about it I went back on the deck of

up. Then I went down to hunt for the little girl. I found she had come out when her mother did, and floated under the cabin table.

Why, that table was set just as when the vessel sunk, and there was food on the plates at that very time. I was pulled up with the little

Pausing, the old diver began to laugh, and

when asked what it was about he said it was the air pump. In former times the pumping had been by hand, but now it was by steam. He

they very likely sent it down too slowly. He told of a trick he once played on a water pipe

light their pipes and smoke near the pump, say-ing that would do as well as shutting off the air.

From the New York Recorder.

that she was deeply affected.

the sad winds just lovely."

givings. I was afraid I should be over

The Experience of a Diver-Cutting Out a The Successful Newspaper Must Prome

From the New York Sun. "I've seen many a time when I'd rather be no The publication of a newspaper in a free ier water than on shore. I used to feel that country governed by public opinion and poeway sometimes. Mr. Edward H. Littlefield, a sessing the priceless advantage of a free press native of Block Island, but now keeper of a fish is a business which stands by itself, and is pemarket on Fountain street, sixty-six years old, culiar among business and industrial entermade this remark in a story he was telling on prises. It is pursued, of course, for the pur-Friday afternoon. He was a diver for twentypose of pecuniary profit, and so far it differs our years, in all spent forty years under the notatall from all other manufacturing enterwater or upon it, and has tackled wrecks from prises. The men who put their money and Lake Superior to Niagara Falls and from Maine their ability into it make the investment with a to Port Royal. He estimates the number of motive which is the same as that which induces other men to risk their capital in an iron foundry, a cotten factory or a banking house, except in the instances where they are influenced. bodies he has with his own hands pulled out of sunken vessels at 100 and that he has walked out and around forty to fifty vessels lying in except in the instances where they are influenced by vain ambitions and false conceptions as to the functions and possibilities of a newspaper. Some people imagine that if they have a selfish object in politics, a hobby in social reform, a theory in religion or an undertaking in busi-ness, which they are eager to promote and propagate, the first great necessity for them is to start a newspaper as an organ. If they can cet their views in print and give them currency water varying in depth from 15 to 168 feet. He nearly lost his life ten years ago while getting the cargo out of the schooner Warren Gage, off he east of Narragansett Pier, and has since

the east of Narragansett Pier, and has since that time preferred to stay above water.

"My first experience," said he, "was in Seaconnet river, in 1859, hunting for Capt. Ben Tallman's son Jerome. It was in the month of August, and Jerome Tallman had been in the water eleven days. They'd dragged for him, but couldn't find him. I was shipman for Capt. Charles Herbert, the wrecker, then, but one day the regular diver took sick, and as they had an agreement giving Capt. Herbert \$500 if in a newspaper under their absolute control they think that they can powerfully influence and further indirectly their own selfish and pecuntary interests. Many journals and many other periodicals had an agreement giving Capt. Herbert \$500 if he found the body in three days and \$300 if he did not, with the idea of working at it all the time. I was picked out to go down. It was right off Gould's island, and I went down at are started on this assumption, and their es-tablishment is a practical proof and substantial acknowledgment of the independence of such considerations and limitations in the really well-rooted and successful newspapers con-7:30 o'clock in the morning. I wasn't used to ducted on business principles, and with a it, so I took sick about 9:30 o'clock, but I got some old Cognac brandy to drink and went back about 11. The first thing I saw when I grind their own axes in a newspaper are forced back about 11. The first thing I saw when I got down the second time was a swarm of blue fish. I went through them and then came a lot of dog fish. These dog fish are tough things, for they have two spurs on the back near the tail, and they wind around a man's legs and spur him. They smashed against me and any number of them spurred my legs a good deal as roosters use their spurs, so that I at last got out my knife and went to cutting my way through. You know dog fish will feed on a dog fish that is dead, so I ripped them open all around me as they went along with the

get their views in print and give them currency

open all around me as they went along with the tide, and the others ate the injured ones. I the main motive of its publication. It is publication. It is publication for them, all two lished primarily to make money. The carital lished primarily to make money. The carital employed in it is invested for that end, and the ability expended in its production, whether business or literary, and purely editorial and intellectual, is exercised for a pecuniary re-ward; and without such remuneration it could not be obtained any more than a picture of a great artist or the book of a great author can be had for nothing. Instead of debasing the newspaper this pur-

Instead of debasing the newspaper this purpose of securing material profit is essential to its elevation and to the proper performance of its function; a conservative, restraining and broadening influence. By reason of it the public themselves are made partners in the enterprise, and the newspaper is made more sensitive to its obligations to them. Its interests and the public interests become essentially the same, for its prosperity depends on its fidelity to the public welfare and the consequent popular support it receives. It must earn the popular confidence and respect by meriting them.
Its own interests are involved in its calightened comprehension of the needs and the sentiments of society. It is not for itself alone, but for all mankind; not its own critic, merely, but an ob ject for the criticism of all the people.

Hence, by the very necessity of its existence as a prosperous business enterprise, a newspaper is forced to adopt principles and methods which partake of the character of the highest and purest statesmanship and have a distinctly altruistic quality. It cannot take a narrow and a seifish view. It must survey all society and subordinate personal considerations to the gen-eral welfare. It is a statue carved out by man, but which takes on life and individuality of its own and eventually dominates its author. It is an institution which may never die, while he is a mortal whose span of life is short. He bea mortal whose span of life is short. He becomes insignificant as compared with the construction of his own hands. All seciety and not he alone has builded it up. Without the sustenance of the popular confidence and favor it languishes and dies. It is for the people to say whether it shall be vigorous and enduring of feeble and ephemeral; and their decision is rendered in accordance with the vigor and persistency, the wisdom, honesty, sincerity and ability with which it defends their interests and maintains the principles that command their respect. tains the principles that command their respect.

It is a representative elected by popular self-frage; and it must serve all the people and no

a commercial undertaking. This makes the newspaper peculiar among business enterprises. It is as necessary for it to have intrinsic merit as it is requisite that a work of art should have beauty or be a true revelation of nature in order to command critical approval and enduring eminence. To secure parallel consideration a newspaper must be conducted on the principles which underlies all real art; it must get its reward from the singleness of its effort to attain a purely ideal end. Art for art's sake is a motto applicable to contain the same and permanently. To the great honor of our important and successful newspapers it can be said that generally they are conducted with a sagacious and conscientious regard for their public obligations. They do not forget their representative character, but hold themselves as servants of the people, accountable for the use of their steward. ready. The door gave way at last, and broke into kindling wood like a flash. The concussion of the water flung the bodies toward me like lightning. I shut my eyes, and, reaching out to grab the bodies, caught the woman's as she flew toward me. I signailed, and was taken up. Then I want down to hunt for the little. acter, but hold themselves as servants of the people, accountable for the use of their steward-ship. Their conductors are under no cath of office and no formal bonds for the faithful per-formance of their public duties, but they are bound by a sense of obligation which is often-times religious in its elevation. Their func-tion has a sacerdotal character, and their yous

Why He Got Up.

Chicago Letter to Omaha Bee. Congressman Kem, who has been here with the visiting Congressmen, had an amusing adpreferred steam, for it kept up a regular sup-ply of air. When it was done by hand, if a diver wanted more air they were liable to pump too fast, and if he signalled this was so who, owing to the amplitude of her proper-tions, had some difficulty in crowding through the door. She finally stationed herself right in front of the Nebraska Congressman. He got

of fidelity must be made to God and not to

told of a trick he once played on a water pipe boss who went down to inspect the pipes on the bottom of Toronto bay. The fellow was a tyrannical Englishman and was hated by all the men. One day when the boss was under water a workman remarked that he'd like to shut off the air for a while. Mr. Littlefield said that was wicked, but asked the workmen to light their pipes and small produce the said that was wicked, but asked the workmen to

"Sit down," said the woman impressively;
"sit right down. Don't trouble yourself, I beg
of you. I can just as well stand myself. I—"
"But," expostulated the Hon. Kem, "but,
madam—"
She broke in upon him.
"I insist upon your sitting down," she exclaimed hoarsely. "I have seen too much of
this thing of women driving men out of their
seats. I don't believe in it. If you—"
"Mr. Kem had become desperate. The conductor was nowhere in sight.
"Madam," he cried, "for God's sake will you
get out of the way? I didn't offer you my seat,
We have just passed my corner and I want to
get out."

ing that would do as well as shutting off the air. They didn't all see why, but they did it. A pump sucks up everything in the air at its orince, and very shortly it was carrying down tobacco smoke by the cubic foot. Two minutes clapsed and then the boss gave three wild pulls to be taken up. He arrived at the surface very sick and frightened out of his wits. The first thing he was asked was if the pump hadn't got aftire. Mr. Littlefield said he guessed it had, and ordered a man to pour water on the bearings. This satisfied the boss, and the men went into fits behind his back. The man would never go down after that. He said he

Then the woman sat down.

